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RETROJECTION.

By ADAM FURIE.

This is a beautiful spring evening.

The gentle breezes, as they come softly floating by, are fragrant with the perfume of myriad flowers, and vocal with the rich, liquid melody of nature's sweet harps—those beautiful, innocent birds; each seeming to vie with the others in pouring forth the tribute of music, to the soft, ethereal evening. The God of day has driven hard his fiery chariot, for twelve long hours, and is now about to draw around him the drapery of twilight and seek his accustomed repose. Sitting here, alone, in a half-pensive reverie, my thoughts bore back on Memorie's tide, bringing me once more to that "Little School House under the Hill," where first I tasted of the fountain of knowledge—and drinking once, never thirsted more.

I love to think of those happy days of innocence when the heart knew no care, conscience no sin, where the world was a garden filled with richest and rarest flowers; and life seen through the glass of childish hope, was a journey down the banks of a soft, rippling, gentle-murmuring stream, where gayest and happiest birds ever caroled their sweet songs and made the flowery groves resounding with their ecstatic harmony. Happy! thrice happy childhood! How fondly memory loves to linger around each familiar scene, clothing it in a halo of pensive joy, akin to sadness!

That old hemely school house, with its rugged walls and ruder desks, is dearer far to my heart than any of the modern innovations of cloud-reaching, spire-capped seminaries, with their whitewashed walls and faultless furniture. There is a charm indescribable, but O, so holy and rapturous, in the times and scenes of bygone years. Show me the man whose bosom does not swell, and whose eyes do not moisten, at the thought of his boyhood days—those calm, pure, spring-like hours—and I will show you a living, moving, breathing argument in favor of Darwinism.

From among the many incidents of my schoolboy days that are now crowding through my memory, I shall, with your permission, gently reader, select and lay before you that now, as I think of it, fixes a smile quiet and gentle as an ocean ripple upon my face, in spite of myself, and though it may not prove in any way amusing to you, will certainly give you some insight into Western schools of ye by-gone times.

Upon the hill above the school house, lived an elderly widow whose sole earthly possessions were a half dozen buxom girls and about a dozen geese. Said geese were the pest of the school; they were geese-like into everything that was necessary or proper for them to be out of, and never could be confined in due limits of this side of eternity. How the Romans ever could hold the goose sacred, is something that has puzzled me considerably, for if there is a man in the world that would make a man swear away his portion of eternal salvation and destroy all belief in an overruling Providence, geese can do it. I suppose we must admit that all things are for a purpose, but I must confess I never could get the aim and object of the creation of geese, without it to be to try the pity of deacons when they get into their gardens. I don't expect there ever was a Christian that spoke his thoughts, freely, of geese, without taking particular notice that no one was present. The first mention I have of geese, in history, is at the storming of Rome by the Vandals. They must have been invented but a short time prior to that, or at least after Job's day and time, or our grandmothers would have filled one wondering minds with visions of somebody else as the most patient man. I would like to express myself fully upon this subject, but it's no use to try; geese wasn't taken into consideration when language was invented. But I have digressed. To, say we schoolboys hated these geese, wouldn't be a shadow of our feelings, and we never let an opportunity of giving a practical turn to our malice go unimproved. Poor things! I rock them on their never could imagine why they were so sorely persecuted. As a matter of course, once and awhile one would come up missing at picking time, but no one ever knew anything of it when called on to testify, for the old lady always laid in complaints to the teacher, but never could collect evidence sufficient to justify a prosecution, till one day, eight or ten of us nine years men, took it into our heads to clean out the entire flock at one grand swoop. Everything in our rudeness, in noon recess, we slipped out and struck off in the direction where the geese usually retired to rest after get-

tting through bothering us. We hadn't gone far when we came upon an old gander, and I, being foremost, dispatched him quicker than it takes to tell it, and had just sheltered him, preparatory to putting him below suspicion, when the widow herself unexpectedly appeared upon the scene. Then you ought to have seen me throw that non des easier, and cut dirt for the schoolhouse, followed by all the boys, the old lady bringing up the rear. We had just got a scolding for being out so long, and had taken our seats, trying to look as unconcerned and comfortable as a jealous lover, and succeeding just about as well, when the lady made her appearance, bringing with her this time evidence sufficient to convict somebody. But we consoled ourselves with the reflection that we could trust to each other all would be well. Hope, that bright flower that blooms in the darker hours of life, which grows brighter and more distinct as the darkness deepens, cheered us though the tide was against us.

The widow laid in complaints, recognizing every one of us, but could not select the one that had the goose; produced the goose for evidence, and then plead eloquently in behalf of herself and goose. The master looked troubled. He evidently meant business if he could get hold of the right one. The plaintiff and prosecuting attorney specified the culprits, and the Judge and jury (teacher) called us out. We all went as orderly as possible. He began by asking each one, individually, if he killed the goose, each one answered in the negative, and proved by all the rest that he testified truly, until he came to me; I was at the foot of the ruff; I had listened faithfully to his eloquent oration to truth, to the beauty and purity of manly honor, as contrasted with dishonesty, lying and the usual appendages as he assured us of those whose lots are cast in better state than ours. This lecture was delivered to the same, and all the while a briny drop would course down my cheek, but my master gave them another interpretation. Turning to me and noticing my evident repentant look, he placed his hand upon my head and spoke quite tenderly: "Adam, my boy, I believe you to be a truthful, a good boy. I have always found you so, and though you may occasionally, in the impulse of the moment, be led off from the path of rectitude, yet when you are made to think soberly, you will turn from your error and ever after guard against it." How my heart bounded at his words, but he continued, "Now, Adam, I'm going to ask you a question, a hard one, perhaps, but the only safe way out of a difficulty, Adam, along the path of honor, and O, you surely would not add deception to crime." I was visibly affected. "Now, Adam, did—you kill—that-old-lady's-goose?" "No, sir," rang out full and free upon the evening air. The teacher was somewhat startled, but said feelingly, "I believe you, sir." He told us he would study on the master until afternoon recess, and dismissed us. We knew perfectly well how he would attempt to work that evening, and we prepared ourselves accordingly. Immediately after books were resumed, we were again called upon the floor. The teacher told us that in the interim he had discovered the guilty party, and that he was going to whip him at once, looking us all in the eye at the same time as near as possible, he raised his switch, as if to strike; but we had seen that trick before and knew who to him that dodged, and we stood firm as young Gibralters. I could almost have pitied the look of disappointment and defeat upon the poor teacher's face, but I knew he was trying to deceive us, and what was fair for him was fair for us. Teachers commit a great blunder by attempting to deceive pupils in order to extort confession. It begets distrust, and destroys all the moral force of the teacher. The teacher concluded to try once more. Again the threat was repeated, and this time quick as lightning rose that potent incentive to study and "ye rule of deportment of ye olden time"—the high—just as it had reached its ultimatum, some one put about three quarters of cambric needle into my shoulder—I ducked! and down like hail rattled the cruel, hard blows upon my poor devoted—ahem! I had no time for explanations, and after it was over, I dared not tell the teacher of his error, for he never would suffer his labors criticized. So, sadly and sorrowfully I bore the drubbing, and the winks and nods, jeers and snarks of my more fortunate companions in guilt. I know who had stuck me, but did not try to fact. Silently and sorrowfully I meditated revenge. At last a happy idea struck me, and in about a week after all had forgotten this event in remembrance others more closely connected with self, I found a chance to unfold my plan and get assistance. One day all the boys in my spelling class had got punished in some way but Charlie B.—the boy who caused me that awful whipping. So at noon recess I got all the other boys of the class together, and told them my plan to get Charlie whipped too. It met their approval and matters were fully ar-

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For The Interior Journal.

WINTER EVENINGS WITH THE IMMORTAL Bard.

BY ZEPHINICH MEYER.

NUMBER 2

"MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR."

The variety of scene and incident in this play, and the great number and diversity of characters, preclude any attempt at an elaborate review of it. We can only express our views of it by some general remarks.

It object would seem to be, like that of the great work of Cervante, to satirize human nature in general. Every important character in the play is made the victim of deception and disappointment. The two classes represented are mutually foiled in their attempts upon each other. Falstaff is made completely a victim; Page and his wife are both deceived, in their attempts to deceive each other, by a third party, the only successful character in the play: Sir Hugh Evans, is sent to the wrong place, to fight a duel, which duel never takes place; his antagonist is in the same predicament; minstrel host has his horses stolen; and Slender, as he is relating how he was about to marry a great lubberly boy instead of Anne Page, is interrupted by Cains, who had been even worse treated, for he had undergone the ceremony of wedlock with un-garcon.

The characters in the play are distinctly and clearly drawn. There is no mistaking one for another, however similar they may be. The folly of Page and his wife, the silliness of Slender, and the eminence-headedness of Shallow are plainly distinguished.

Some of those who acted in this little drama, have, by patience and perseverance, arisen to rank and fame; others have sunk to infamy and disgrace; while others yet have kept the tenacity tenacity of their way, plodding along the middle thoroughfare of life, that happy position from the dread and anxiety that follow in the wake of fortune or fame, and from the fears and privations of want and vice; and some have passed away, Passed away? No, never! Though their forms will never again gladden our eyes, though the places that knew them here know them no more; though the soft breeze, this evening, are gently fanning the modest violets that bloom in silent beauty over their musing forms! yet they are not dead, but live in our heart of hearts for ever! True friendship never dies; and though broken here by the cold icy fingers of relentless death, far up in that land that is fairest than day—"where the rainbow tints never fade," and where the bright visions of the wildest hope is realized, there it is renewed, to grow stronger, purer and holier throughout the endless cycles of eternity!

* NOTE.—I forbid any person or persons using this phrase without permission of the proprietor. A copy right is applied for, and all infringements will be pushed to the extent of the law.

THAT was a noble youth who, on a certain occasion, to take wine at the table of a certain famous statesman, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor young man, just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters of introduction to the great statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner. "Not take a glass of wine?" said the great statesman in wonder and surprise. "Not one single glass of wine?" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she arose, glancing with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite, and endeavored to press it upon him. "No," said the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass. What a picture of moral grandeur was that—a poor, friendless youth refusing wine at the table of a wealthy and famous statesman, even though proffered by the fair hands of a beautiful lady! "No," said the noble young man—and his voice trembled a little and his cheeks flushed—"I never drink wine;" but—he straightened himself up, and his words grew firmer—"if you've got a little good old Irish whisky, I don't mind trying a glass."

RECENTLY a young man who was attending a slight writing-school near Danville, Ohio, was smitten by the charms of a lady who was present, and at the close of the school hustled forward to solicit the pleasure of escorting her home. "Yes," said the lady, "if you will carry my baby." He waded, and the young matron walked home alone.

A GEORGIA paper announces that twenty men are to be hanged in that State within two months.

From the "Tuscaloosa (Ala.) Blade," April 1873.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

ENCLOSURE TO "MY OLD CLASP."

I'm thinking of the by-gone days,
When youth's bright dream was ours,
I'm thinking of the golden time,
The scenes of happy hours,
Of Tuscaloosa's grassy plains,
The warrior's murmur'g flow,
The form I met, the face knew,
Just twenty years ago.

My fancy still with fondness turns,
Wraps by some witching spell,
To shaded streets and lovely slopes,
And every flower dell,
To tree-crown'd height and fairy glen,
The haunts we used to know,
What happy hearts were gay and free,
Just twenty years ago.

To all these scenes the wand'ring clings,
"Mid life's corroding care,
The years a deeper impress make,
As streams their channels wear,
Where's home, what's home, what's lot,
In happiness or woe,
He'll ne'er forget the home he lov'd,
Just twenty years ago.

I'm thinking of the boys again,
The boys of olden time,
The bright young souls, the faithful friends,
The Daughters of our prime,
Are any left to greet me now,
Or any left to know,
Of those old friends and brave young hearts
Of twenty years ago?

I'm thinking of the girls again,
How lovely were those girls!
The maid we knew, they sweetly shone,
Their hearts as pure as pearls,
I wonder if the old town, now,
Such grace and beauty show,
As that we lov'd when we were boys,
Just twenty years ago.

I'm thinking of the girls again,
Where Homer to us sung
Achilles' wrath, Apollo's darts
Of pestilential woe,
And Agamemnon's haughty men,
Just twenty years ago.

Echylus strikes his Grecian lyre
In loud resounding strain,
Eupides in sweater tone
Drops soft as April rain,
Antigone in woes of fire
Repeats her tale of woe;
The notes are here, the notes I heard
Just twenty years ago.

I'm thinking of th' old College, too,
The halls wher' oft we hung
Upon the verse of "Little Bee,"
Where Homer to us sung
Achilles' wrath, Apollo's darts
Of pestilential woe,
As that we lov'd when we were boys,
Just twenty years ago.

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The notes are here, the notes I heard
Just twenty years ago.

And the old College is gone, they say,
A new one in its stead,
The Old Doctor, too, we lov'd so well,
Has long ago been dead;
My eyes have long been dry, dear friends,
But tears increasing flow
But until you come to the station-house
At thought of the dear old man
Of twenty years ago.

Farewell to thee, dear Alma Mater,
Our mother true and fond,
My heart to thee is ever linked
In sweet affection's bond;

"Thy antique towers" and gray old walls
Long since in dust laid low,
Still claim thy children's filial love
Of twenty years ago.

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My eyes have long been dry, dear friends,
But tears increasing flow
But until you come to the station-house
At thought of the dear old man
Of twenty years ago.

Accused be the craven hand,
Whose touch thy beauty mar'd,
And blessings on thy children all;

Who with thy spoiler war'd;

Where'er in death's cold sleep they lie,
Sweet Spring-time flowers will grow

Upon the graves of those we lov'd
Just twenty years ago.

I'm thinking of our class, to-night,
And who are yet alive,
And who went down in bloody strife,
And who the right fought—

I know they all were brave and true,
And ever quick to go
Where foemen trod the land they lov'd
A few short years ago.

Ah! many fall in that dread hour
Of strife andvengeful fray,
And many grieve their young life's blood
To check th' invader's way;

But yet, I know, in all that bawd
No heart nobler glow
With patriotic fire, than those we know
Just twenty years ago.

I'm thinking of our class, to-night,
And who are yet alive,
And who went down in bloody strife,
And who the right fought—

I know they all were brave and true,
And ever quick to go
Where foemen trod the land they lov'd
Just twenty years ago.

It's not so bad to be a soldier,
To be a soldier, to be a soldier;
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To be a soldier, to be a soldier;

CURTAIN LECTURE.

OUT-EVERY-NIGHT!

EVERY night! Here it is half past one o'clock! It's a wonder you come home at all! What do—you—think a woman is made for? I do believe if a robber was to come and carry me off you wouldn't care one cent. What is it you say? "City Council business must attend to!" City Council business! How do I know you go to the City Council? Does the City Council meet every night? They don't meet but once a week—in New York. But I suppose Stanford is a more important place. Oh yes—out every night. Just twenty years ago.

My fancy

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1: : 13, 1873.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

FOR STATE TREASURER,

J. W. TATE,
OF FRANKLIN

FOR STATE SENATE

Hon. T. W. VARNON,
OF LINCOLN.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE

Dr. T. B. MONTGOMERY,
OF LINCOLN.

THE SENATORIAL CONVENTION.

On last Saturday, at two o'clock p. m., the Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee for the 18th Senatorial District, called to order the Convention, which had assembled, for the purpose of making a nomination of a Democratic candidate to represent this district in the Senate of Kentucky. The proceedings of the Convention will be found in full in another column. It was a noticeable fact, that its deliberations were characterized by greater harmony than is usually the case in Conventions where there are two or more rival aspirants for the same position. It was the pleasure of the Democracy of the district, as indicated by the result of the Convention, that the Hon. Thos. W. Varnon should be its unopposed representative in the Senatorial canvass which will terminate on the first Monday in August next. It may be needless to urge upon the party of this district the necessity of co-operation, in order that his election may be placed beyond the possibility of doubt. The contest now is no longer personal; it has become the contest of the party, and the latter should look to it, that there is no falling off in the majority. We are assured that Mr. Varnon will do the best part of the work assigned to him steadily, vigorously and faithfully. If there should be any shortcoming, the blame will not rest upon him, but upon the party whose servant and representative he is in this contest. Let us hope that the Democracy have a majority in this district till man into sleep; nor let it breed that over confidence which were the mere precursor of defeat. We have foes to contend against, who are proverbially tireless in their efforts to win. The Republicans have not yet placed their candidate in the field, but we may rely upon opposition in some form or other. It may be in the shape of a spavined, ring-boned, string-bait, old political hack, commonly called an independent candidate—a pirate upon the sea of political warfare but soils without either pennant or ballast; or it may be a well-heeled radical, coming as the plenipotentiary of a regular convention. In either case, we must stand firm to our nominee.

Col. Bowman, of Boyle, who opposed Mr. Varnon for the nomination, will heartily contribute his energies to the election of Varnon, and will thereby demonstrate for the hundredth time his unflinching devotion to the cause of Democracy, as well as his regard for his own personal integrity.

THE COUNTY CONVENTION.

The Convention of the delegates from the seven districts of the county, called to nominate a candidate for the House of Representatives, was called to order immediately upon the adjournment of the Senatorial Convention. The Convention was composed of twenty-four delegates, and was well attended by a large concourse of citizens. The name of Doctor Montgomery was put in nomination, and no other nomination being made, he was, by acclamation declared the candidate of the Democratic party of Lincoln Co., for the office of Representative, to the next Legislature of Kentucky.

Dr. Montgomery now has no opposition, and will probably have none. We commend him to the people of the country as a gentleman well worthy the greatest confidence of his fellow-citizens. There is no question as to his election. It only remains for the people to compliment him with a vote commensurate with his worth as a citizen and high-toned gentleman of the old school.

Closets.

The cholera is increasing in Memphis. The daily interments average about fifteen. The disease is not confined to any class of the populace, but seizes its victims indiscriminately.

In Nashville the number of deaths has been considerable, being confined to the lower part of the city. That portion of the city which is located on high ground has thus far escaped. There is quite an exodus from both cities. Special trains are in demand, and extra coaches are attached to each train to accommodate the extraordinary numbers. Louisville has thus far escaped, which is to be attributed to its cleanliness.

The recent massacre of the captive Modocs by the Oregon volunteers is one of bloody cruelty which deserves the severest condemnation. The feeling of indignation at this massacre has found expression at every point from San Francisco to Washington City. A helpless band of prisoners is attacked by a set of unconscionable villains, and slaughtered as a butcher slaughters sheep. No distinction is made between warriors, women and children. All are alike, and all fall together a bloody grave. If Courts Martial have jurisdiction of any character of offense in times of peace, they already have a right to take cognizance of such dastardly acts of cruelty as those which resulted in the inhuman butchery of prisoners of war.

DISTRICT DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

A Full Delegation Present and a Numerous Assemblage.

Hon. Thos. W. Varnon, of Lincoln County, Nominated for State Senator.

Permanent to the call of the Democratic Executive Committee for the Eighteenth Senatorial District, consisting of the counties of Lincoln, Boyle, Garrard and Casey, for the purpose of selecting a candidate for State Senator, a Convention assembled at the court-house in Stanford, on Tuesday, June 10th, 1873. The meeting was called to order by Hon. W. G. Welch, Chairman of the District Committee; whereupon Hon. Wm. O. Hansford, of Lincoln, was called to the chair, and subsequently chosen Speaker. On motion of Jas. W. Aleorn, Esq., F. J. Campbell and all editors and correspondents of Democratic newspapers present, were appointed secretaries of the meeting.

Upon the call of the delegates by count, the following were found present:

Casey.—E. Life, E. Marbles, R. N. Portman, David Reed and Jno. H. Craven, Five.

Garrard.—W. J. Lusk, B. Brown, J. H. Bruce, J. A. Benley, R. A. McGrath, H. W. Dunn, W. J. Hogan, Clay Anderson, L. R. Schooler, B. G. Mullins, Ten.

Bowe.—J. L. Bailey, L. Ervin, D. L. Stephenson, Wm. Hughes, J. M. McPhee, Robert Seltzer, D. W. Jones, Robert Logan, Clay Mock, G. Moore, C. F. Armstrong, Eleven.

Lincoln.—A. Harris, Mike C. Sandifer, G. T. Melholt, J. S. Overy, J. S. Murphy, G. W. King, Soeters, Owens, W. O. Hansford, D. A. Baugh, J. W. Givens, L. G. Good, J. W. Aleorn, Twelve.

On motion of M. C. Sandifer the Speaker announced that nominating for Senator were in order; whereupon, W. J. Kusk, Esq., of Garrard, nominated Col. Charles E. Bowman, of Boyle, and Jas. W. Aleorn placed in nomination Hon. Thos. W. Varnon, of Lincoln.

Upon the call of the roll by counties, the vote stood as follows:

County.	Bowen.	Varnon.	Total.
Boyle.	7	4	11
Fayette.	2	5	7
Garrard.	8	2	10
Lincoln.	0	12	12
	17	23	40

Majority for Varnon, 6.

On motion of W. J. Lusk, of Garrard, the nomination of Mr. Varnon was declared unanimous by a loud acclamation.

Mr. Varnon then appeared upon the floor amid rounds of applause, and accepted his nomination; returned his grateful acknowledgements for the honor, and pledged his most earnest labors in behalf of his own and his party's success in the coming contest.

Mr. Bowman was called to the stand and after returning his thanks to his friends who advocated his nomination so earnestly and zealously, pledged his hearty support to his more fortunate opponent, and his life-long fidelity to the Democratic party.

The meeting then adjourned sine die.

W. O. HANSFORD, Ch'm.

F. J. CAMPBELL, Secy.

CAPTAIN JACK MODOC.

HIS PARENTAGE.

The central figure, which is now attracting more of the public attention than any other in the United States, is Jack Modoc, the last of the distinguished Indian braves. He is a captive in the hands of his enemies, manaced and ironed as if he were a professional red-handed murderer or a common highway robber. Since the heroism of his deeds began to draw toward him public notice, many newspapers have affected a discovery of his parentage, and one county after another in Kentucky has claimed the honor of being the birth-place of his father. During the time, we have been particularly engaged in the collection of facts which shall forever set at rest the disputed question, Who is Captain Jack, and who his parents. From the best information we have been enabled to gather, he is a son of a native of Lincoln county, whose name was John Murdoch.

The exact date of the birth of John Murdoch we are not able to ascertain.

The fact that the father was a bad man affords not the slightest justification. The law allows no one to redress wrong with death. The murder of a sinner is just against a crime as the murder of a saint. There is nothing of self-defense about this act. He brought his pistol for the purpose of killing his father, and he killed him unarmed, striking him with his bullets at a distance which left his victim without power of defending himself or escaping. "I came here to do what I have done."

This is, then, a premeditated, purposed murder.

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The law allows no one to redress wrong with death.

The murderer of a sinner is just against a crime as the murder of a saint.

There is nothing of self-defense about this act. He brought his pistol for the purpose of killing his father, and he killed him unarmed, striking him with his bullets at a distance which left his victim without power of defending himself or escaping. "I came here to do what I have done."

What an awful catastrophe, with wrong, outrage, and malfeasance on one side, and death by a final hand on the other!

Endowed with a strain of hot southern blood which makes revenge an obligation and holds all ties of consanguinity inferior to the duty of killing the person or the family enemy, wrought up to an almost inconceivable intensity of design by sense of injury and thirst for deadly revenge, this wretched youth has illustrated snow, and in a way never before seen, the inexpressible atrocity and the senseless wickedness of such pagan retribution. To avenge and protect his mother he was wiped out in blood the life of his father; he has earned for himself a place on the gallows as a murderer or of confinement as a maniac; and he has added to the evils that overwhelmed his family a mountain of misery and wretchedness that can never be removed or alleviated.

of an act of gross insubordination—breaking his gun over the Adjutant's head—for which he was tried by a Court-Martial, and by it sentenced to the ignominious punishment of being "bucked and gagged." This punishment he endured silently; not offering any resistance or uttering a word of protest. The next day John was missing, and in his baggage, which was left, was found a scroll announcing his purpose to join the Indians and wreak his vengeance upon the whites generally.

Nothing further was heard from him for several years; but about the year 1855 some four traders happened in the same region where he was trapping, and to them he made himself known. He stated that after his descent of the whites he lived alternately with the Crow and Blackfeet, but a few springing up between these two tribes, each one suspected him of adhering to the other, so he determined to shift for himself. During his sojourn with the Indians, he had acquired considerable influence over many of them, and to sooth as he could trust, he announced his purpose to form a new tribe or band out of such portions of the various tribes as were in reach. He succeeded beyond his expectations, and formed a band of roving, desperate, marauders out of deserts chiefly from the Crows, Blackfeet, and Sioux tribes. They were the terror of weaker tribes, but soon found they must have squaws to keep up their numbers. In imitation of the followers of Romulus, they made a raid upon the Nez Perces, and carried off their maidens and squaws. One of these maidens, Murdoch, the chief of the marauders, took to wife, and the spouse numbered five in all, of which number the present Captain Jack Modoc is the fifth.

The band, after its organization, was known as the Murdochs, which has since been corrupted into Modocs. In accordance with the Indian custom, young Jack Murdoch, being the first born, was given the name of his father, and at the latter's death, succeeded to the captaincy of the tribe.

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The

FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1873.

On Parting the Hair.

If there be anything upon which the girls look down with disgust, it is the spectacle of an able-bodied young man parting his unshaved locks in the middle. These divinities are charitable towards that pride that swings a bamboo cane, disports a brass ring, a pinwheel watch-chain, or a resplendent paste diamond, but they avert their benignant faces and draw together their celestial eye-brows, and their divine stomachs grow queasy; when that sight of transcendent silliness—a human being ploughing a furrow through the center of his head—is presented to their vision. Respectable mortals are also nauseated by such puppyish, such poodle-doghood. It induces us to fail. When a rut is cut through the centre of the noddle, the viscum beneath seldom ferments with the rising principles of life—brains. No brain can stand the wear and tear of such cerebral agriculture.

When you see the hair pitched up and ginned close to the sides of the head, and rest your eye upon the loathsome trench, set down the owner for a sloppily, empty-pated, purposeless ninny-hammer; a mere piece of human jelly, a doting oyster, pulpy and tasteless, just languid and listless enough to keep the trench from being filled up. The stomach of human society is strong as that of the eunuch—but not strong enough to digest the parting-the-hair-in-the-middle unissons. It acts like Don Quixote's Balsam. It is a perpetual mustard plaster, a peripatetic mustard plaster.

When you see a fellow that splits his ringlets by the rule of three, and makes a proportion for exact distances when he combs his cranium, you can search his pockets and not be induced for robbery. A mortal affluent enough for this diversion has no need for money. He would sacrifice a thousand dollars for his father rather than one particular hair should struggle from its site. You may pinch his ear, tweak his nose, and tramp on his come—he can't fight, it would ruffle his ringlets, and damp up the mathematical continuity of the labored groove chiseled through chunks of bear's oil and decayed odors of castile soap, tobacco-smoke, and cinnamon drops.

Young man, eschew this stupid effeminity. Rather than part your hair in the middle, cut it off and sell it to make bed clothes for young wood-peckers, lease it by the year for rat bats, plant it in spring peas or Early York cabbage, and take in bed-lugs to graze at a nickel a head. Rather than part it in the middle, let it go unkempt and matted, and fill it with corn or fishing-worms, and let your mother's hens and chickens scratch it in t'or a liveliest.—*Brecker Co. Chronicle.*

Gathering of Corn.

One of the principal causes of poor crops of corn is the neglect or delay in giving it the first workings. The hurry and anxiety to put in the cotton frequently causes the corn to be neglected until it receives an injury from which it never recovers. When the third and fourth blades appear the blow should run around it running as close as possible to the plants without covering them and running as deeply as possible. They should be plow deeply so that the lateral roots which extend very rapidly may find a loose and fine bed to feed in. As the plants grow and the roots extend the plowing should be shallow until a sweep should be the only implement used. The hoe force should immediately follow the plow, thinning, to a stand, and drawing soft earth to the young plants not leaving a single weed, blade of grass, or superfluous plant to rob the crop of a particle of the nutrient which belongs to the crop. Nothing should interfere its thorough performance. If this were properly attended to we should have few crops of five or six bushels to the acre even on what we call our poor lands.—*Southern Farm Home.*

Information Wanted.

Albert Shindelbower, 12 years old, a son of Wm. Shindelbower, of Nicholasville, left his father's house Tuesday morning, 16th of April, and has not since been heard of. Had on at the time he left, a blue cloth cap, plaid pants, and gray jeans roundabout. He has a small, dark, hand eye, and looks a little down when spoken to. Any information will be thankfully received by his anxious parents.

Papers throughout the State by copying the above, will confer a favor upon a grieved and anxious family.—*Southern Journal.*

File Your Paper.

An exchange well says it is worth while to save your home paper and have it bound. A few years will make it the most instructive and entertaining volume you can possess. All the laws of association make it more or less a history of yourself and friends. Names, date, facts, are preserved for you in the most accessible manner. Over it you may cry at your mistakes, laugh at your follies, and rejoice in the view of those steps that have led you to prosperity. It records the history of a town, and this is but an epitome of universal history.

Stock Crabs.

Cut a slice of cheese, rather thin, but of good size round. Mash it up with a fork to a paste, mix up with it a teaspoonful of mustard, the same of vinegar, pepper and salt to taste.

It is the general impression in the South that the incoming cotton crop will be the most valuable ever raised in the United States, aggregating \$350,000,000, of which \$36,000,000 will go the speculators.

TOBACCO ANTIDOTE.
Without Money and Wilson Price.

We see thousands who will be preyed upon by tobacco, who struggle to be free but give up in despair. They need an antidote for an insatiable appetite.

To such as are utterly stupefied by the drug, and such as revel in silica and smoke—glorying in their shame—we make no appeal; but to such as "grow, being in bondage," longing to be free, we say, "Here is our antidote, friend, try it. We ask nothing for it."

Make the most of your will. Drop tobacco, and resolve never to use it again in any form.

Go to an apothecary shop, and buy ten cents worth of gentian root, coarsely ground.

Take as much of it after each meal, or oftener, as amounts to a common quid of fine-cut or cavendish.

Clew it well and swallow all the saliva.

Continue this a few weeks, and you will come off conqueror. Then thank God for freedom.

REASONS.

1. Gentian root is a tonic, bitter in taste, and will do much to neutralize and allay your taste for tobacco.

2. Gentian is a nerve. It will brace up your relaxed nerves, and save you from the "awful giddiness" under which you agonize.

3. Gentian, for a short time, is an innocent substitute for the quid or pipe. It employs the mouth, beguils attention, and gives a helping hand to the drowning man.

Abduction and Descent.

A respectable old farmer, Joe Owens, from Morris City, White county, Ill., was in our city on last Wednesday, in search of his daughter, Joan Owens, a young girl, not quite 14 years old, who, he said, had been induced to run off with a neighbor named Russell Jones, alias Hicks, who had left a wife and three children. Jones is about 25 years of age, and he had coaxed the girl to desert her home, while on her way to school, leaving without any clothing, save what she had upon her person at the time. The seducer, Jones, has but little money at the time—the couple having walked nearly the entire distance. The distressed father learned that his erring child was seen in this city on Friday, 25th ultimo, but can trace her no further. In company with the police he visited Grace Howard's bagnio, but could learn nothing of his child. The scoundrel, Jones, should be penitentiated for life, if caught. No punishment is too severe for such a vile biped.—*Henderson News.*

Young ladies now at school, who expect to make their living by school-teaching, are advised to study the following report from Maine, which may stand for every other State in the Union: "The weekly wages of female teachers in the State is \$3.50. Now, if a female teacher instruct both summer and winter, the twenty weeks of the school year, she will receive the magnificent sum of \$72. That is, if a young woman come into Maine to teach for a living, each year she will get \$72 and her board for twenty weeks, and for the remaining thirty-two weeks she must pay \$24.24, the average teacher's board being \$2.32 per week. She will, then, at the end of the year, be in debt \$2.24, without paying one cent for culture, clothing or comfort."

A CASE which is likely to call forth all the emotional resources of a French jury is told as follows. A young man, having accepted a challenge from a noted duelist, goes home and tells his mother about it. The good lady rushes off distracted, to the house of the duelist, whom she finds practicing with a pistol his garde, and what is worse, hitting the mark every time. She implores his mercy, but is coldly repulsed by the marksman, who declares his intention to kill her son. Thereupon, in her wrath and terror, the poor woman snatches up a pistol and shoots the duelist dead. The chances are that she will be acquitted, and indeed, it is difficult to imagine any case which offers more genuine extenuation. A jury of mothers, at least, would not long deliberate upon their verdict.

ONE inch of rain fall distributes one hundred tons of water over an acre of ground. A suggestive fact, in a mechanical as well as an agricultural point of view.

SOME of the farmers of Warren county are claiming twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre, from the growing crop.

WHAT is that which is full of knots, which no one can untie, and in which no one can tie another? A cord of wood.

Some people say that dark-haired girls marry first. We differ—it's the light-haired ones.

Why is South Carolina like a piano? Because the darkies (dark keys) are white.

STANFORD WOOLEN MILL!
Highest Market Price Paid for Wool!

HAVING raised the above Mill, we are now prepared to manufacture wool for the public in the best manner. As we shall make a specialty of this, we can offer a reasonably good wool, to be

blankets, jeans, rolls, linsey-cambric, stockings, yarns, flannels, etc.

We will keep constantly on hand a stock of goods, which we will exchange for wool on favorable terms.

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

A Large Stock of
Gent's Furnishing
GOODS.

HAMBURG
Laces and Edgings.

The Patronage of the Public is
Respectfully Solicited. 46-ty

SPRING, 1873.

Fashionable Millinery Store
Second door west of the old Post Office, opposite Tuck's
Stanford, Kentucky.

Mrs. L. BEAZLEY,
Fashionable Milliner and Mantua-maker,
is now offering her largest stock of goods, including
all the latest styles and fashions in
Hats, Bonnets, Caps, Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Scarves,
Carding Mixed Goods, etc.

MATTHEW & SON.
46-ty

CARRIAGE
WEST END
MAIN STREET,FACTORY,
STANFORD,
KENTUCKY.

HAVING rented the Carriage Shop formerly occupied by Dennis & Clark, I am prepared to build to order and will keep constantly on hand every variety of VEHICLE in the CARRIAGE LINE and will sell them as LOW as the same can be bought elsewhere.

Particular attention paid to the REPAIRING and REFITTING of all kinds of vehicles.

Having secured the services of Mr. J. W. COOK, a No. 1 painter, I am determined to do good work in all the departments.

Mr. J. B. DENNIS will remain with me for the present, where he would be glad to see his old friends and patrons.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS!

AT—

SEVERANCE, MILLER & CO.'S,

North Side Main Street, Stanford, Ky.
We have now in store one of the largest stocks of goods ever brought to Central Kentucky. Our stock of

BRELL'S GOODS,

Japanese Silks, Japanese Poplins, Linen Suitings, White and Colored Pequins, etc., are unusually attractive. In Black and Colored Alpacas, all new and popular, we are prepared to offer very decided advantages.

DOMESTICS and WHITE GOODS.

Bleached and Brown Cottons, all widths and qualities; Table Linens, Towels, Napkins, Marseilles Quilts, Handkerchiefs, Lace, Edgings, Hosiery, etc.

Carpetings,

Matting, Floor and Table Oil Cloths, Wall Paper, Window Shades, etc., in great variety.

Furnishing Goods.

Clothes, Counterfeits, Vestings, Clothing, Shirts, Drawers, Collars, the most complete assortment of Fashionable Bows, Neckties, etc., to be found in the city.

Boots and Shoes,

For Men, Boys, Women, Misses and Children, a large and complete stock.

Queensware,

China Tea Sets, Ironstone Sets, White and Gold-banded China Sets, Glassware, etc.

Special Notice.

Ladies will find our stock of Mourning Goods, Crepe Collars, Veils, Silk Ties, Fichus, Linen and Lace Collars, etc., are unusually attractive.

RECEIPTS

—OF THE—

SOUTHERN

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

OF Kentucky,

AVERAGE NOW

OVER \$1,000 PER DAY.

JOHN C. COOPER, Local Agent, Stanford, Ky.

WILL C. CURD, Local Agent, Somerset, Ky.

J. W. HOCKER, Local Agent, Hustonville, Ky.

P. S. MILLER, Local Agent, Monticello, Ky.

J. S. REPPERT, District Agent, Lancaster, Ky.

D. W. HILTON, State Agent.

FOR SALE

—OR—

EXCHANGE!!

I WILL offer my residence and store-house, in the town of Hustonville, Lincoln county, Ky., on rent or sale, for the accommodation of bath-mills, located in the Plough neighborhood, about four miles south of Hustonville, in the most fertile part of Lincoln county. The first session for this academic year commences on the 1st of October.

FEATHERS, COTTON, WOOL, BEES-WAX, FLAX-SEED, BACON, TALLOW, BEANS, JARD, LINSEY, MEAL, Etc., Etc.

WOOLEN SOCKS, JEANS, TOW LINEN, FLOUR, DRIED FRUIT, Etc., Etc.

Returning many thanks for past favors, I solicit a continuation of your patronage.

G. H. ENSEL. 61-ty

NEW FIRM PISGAH SEMINARY.

This school has been established on a prominent hill for the accommodation of both boys and girls.

It is located in the Plough neighborhood, about four miles south of Hustonville, in the most fertile part of Lincoln county.

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WOOLEN SOCKS, JEANS, TOW LINEN, FLOUR, DRIED FRUIT, Etc., Etc.

LIBRARY GIFT CONCERT.

THIS school is now open for the admission of students.

It is a school for boys and girls, ranging from 6 to 18 months.

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